

The History of

the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy; though he be dead, how if hee should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore ile make him sure, yea, & ile sweare I kilde him. VVhy may not he rise as wel as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe, Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come brother John tal brauely hast thou sleight Thy maiden sword.

John. But soft, whome haue we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alieue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
VVithout our eares, thou art not what thou seemst,

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man. but if I bee not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Lacke: there is Percie, if your Father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe: I looke to be eyther Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. VVhy Percy I kilde my selfe, and saw thee deade.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lerd, how this world is giuen to lying? I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought along howre by Shrewsburie clocke, if I may bee beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads, Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were alieue, and would deny it, Zounds I wold make him eate a peece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother John,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

Henry the

For my part, if a lie may doe t
Ile guilde it with the happiest

Are retreat

Prin. The trumpets sound
Come brother lets to the hig
To see what friends are liuing

Fal. Ile follow as they say f
God reward him. If I do gr
purge and leaue Sacke, and li
doe.

*The trumpets sound, Enter
John of Lancaster, Earl
ster and Vernon prison*

King. Thus euer did rebel
Ill spirited Worcester, did no
Pardon and terms of loue to a
And wouldst thou turne our
Misuse the tenor of thy kins
Three knights vpon our party
A noble Earle, and many a cre
Had beene alieue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst t
Betwixt our Armies true inte

Wor. What I haue done, m
And I imbrace this fortune pa
Since not to be auoided, it fals
K. Beare Worcester to the d
Other Offenders we will pau
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord
The fortune of the day quiter
The noble Percy slaine, and a
Vpon the foot of seare, fled w
And falling from a hill, he was
That the pursuers tooke him.
The Douglas is, and I beseech
I may dispose of him.

For